

ticket
to
write
the teal one

r. m. s.

Λ□Θ

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introduction

2019 was, if you'll pardon my French, a *batshit insane* year.

There were not quite as many poems for me to choose from as in previous volumes, and some of them were written on tickets from airplanes and transcontinental railroads; these facts are related. I would like to be modest, but the fact you're holding an entire book that is exclusively full of random stuff I wrote means *that ship has sailed*, so: Ya girl got to intern at NASA. Did mean I was a tiny tad busy and not really taking buses, though.

The Usual Suspects, as the name implies, continue to help a lot with the collection of the tickets, and with ideas to fill them, and with maintaining my (increasingly) precarious sanity in the meantime:

- ♠ Mum, who has forgotten more about poetry than I'll ever know, and still somehow managed to read *all* the tickets without laughing or gagging or psychoanalyzing too enthusiastically;
- ♠ Dad, with whom I don't always have a language in common, but he tries to translate and I do notice and appreciate it, so this is an appendix to his glossary;
- ♠ M. of the dogs (p. 66), who gives me ideas above my station and for some peculiar reason seems to think I can make something of them;
- ♠ The Magnificent Sarah, with thanks for the cats and the mermaids and for being shrieked at in the middle of the day, which is the middle of the night, and vice versa;
- ♠ And the equally magnificent AJF, as ever, for all the usual reasons and a few more besides.

*and so, without further ado...
ladies and gentlemen ,
permit me to present you some poems.*

I Don't Have Time
To Trek Through This Again

One is concerned -
sometimes
to the point of fear -
in perpetuity:
that one will
miss something vital
or destroy it
or otherwise
epically fail.

A greater concern:
that one
already has
done all this failing
failed to do all this succeeding
& just
hasn't noticed yet -
that one day soon
this house of cards
will come crashing down
in a plume of dust
& thunder of tumbling concrete
The nervous whispered litany
one says to ward off this fear
a quicky - murmured list
of deeds well done
retains its ^{little} virtue only till
the question rises
- yes but what's the point?

www.BUSIT.CO.NZ

Keep It! For Inspector

BUSIT!

Route 9B

Driver: 11726

Ticket: 917

Fare: UNI SV \$1.70

From Stop: 25

To Stop: 24

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$7.70

Time: 07:00

14 Jan 19

** Transfer Expires **

08:00 AM

* Free transfer trip *
* within city boundary *
* boarded before expiry *
* NOT TRANSFERABLE *

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

*i don't have time
to trek through this again*

One is concerned –
sometimes
to the point of fear –
in perpetuity:
that one will
miss something vital
or destroy it
or otherwise
epically fail.
A greater concern:
that one
already has
done all this failing
failed to do all this succeeding
& just
hasn't noticed yet –
that one day soon
this house of cards
will come crashing down
in a plume of dust
& thunder of tumbling concrete.
The nervous whispered litany
one says to ward off this fear
(a quickly-murmured list
of deeds well done)
retains its little virtue
only until
the question rises
'yes, but what's the *point*?'

We don't have Coke;
is Pepsi okay?

I am
nobody's golden child
no straight-A-student poster-girl
no prodigy or protégée
or heroine or drug.

I am
the middle-sized
philips-head screwdriver-
not perfectly sharpened
thoroughbred
to edge cases & precise work,
but clumsily adequate
for this, that, the other.

I am
the second-cheapest
instant coffee at the supermarket
~~doing~~ doing what
has to be done
sufficient in a pinch
(when you can't afford drip)
but without flair.

I am
top water/printer paper/own-brand ^{sapp.}
something you don't choose
to use -
merely mostly functional
until something better
becomes available.

www.DUST11.CO.NZ

Keep IK1 for Inspector

BUSIT!

Route 2

Driver: 11551

Ticket: 9481

Fare: UNI SV \$1.70

From
96 Hillcrest Rd

To Stop: 17

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$6.00

Time: 19:02

14 Jan 19

*** Transfer Expires ***

8:02 PM

* free transfer trip *
* within city boundary *
* boarded before expiry *
*** NOT TRANSFERABLE ***

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

we don't have coke; is pepsi okay?

I am
nobody's golden child
no straight-A-student poster-girl
no prodigy or protégée
or heroine or drug.

I am
the middle-sized
phillips-head screwdriver –
not perfectly sharpened,
thoroughbred
to edge cases & precise work,
but clumsily adequate
for this, that, the other.

I am
the second-cheapest
instant coffee at the supermarket –
doing what
has to be done,
sufficient in a pinch
(when you can't afford drip)
but without flair.

I am
tap water
printer paper
own-brand soap –
something you don't choose
to use
merely mostly functional
until something better
comes along.

Make a Wish/Thistle Down

In the peak of summer,
when all her nobles are in court,
you may see
Titania's people
going about their business.
Sometimes they become
tangled in peaseblossom
sprayed by cobwebs.
If you
lift them up
gently clear away debris
& send them on their way
into the next breeze
with a whispered summary
of your heart's desire.
When the tenth
or hundredth courtier
returns safely home
reporting a new microdebt
that weird kid
who wants to be
a rocket scientist.
Titania may nod & smile
& decide to stop your nagging.
Be very careful therefore
how your desire is phrased.

BUSIT!

Route 2

Driver: 10595

Ticket: 56

Fare: UNI SV \$1.70

From Stop: 29

To Stop: 25

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$2.60

Time: 17:29

24 Jan 19

** Transfer Expires **

6:29 PM

* Free transfer trip *
* within city boundary *
* boarded before expiry *
** NOT TRANSFERABLE **

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

make a wish/thistle down

In the peak of summer,
when all her nobles are in court,
you may see
Titania's people
going about their business.
Sometimes they become
tangled in peaseblossom
snared by cobweb.
If you
lift them up
gently clear away detritus
& send them on their way
into the next breeze
with a whispered summary
of your heart's desire...
then when the tenth
or hundredth courtier
tumbles safely home
reporting a new fractional obligation,
Titania may nod & smile
& decided to stop your nagging.
Be very careful, therefore
how your desire is phrased.

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Keep TIKI for Inspector



*** Not a Valid ***

*** Ticket ***

Driver 11696

Module 532141

Time 07:01

Date Thu, 07 Feb 19

SmartCard Updated

Card:145045

Value Added: \$10.00

Card Cash Is: \$10.90

*** Not a Valid ***

*** Travel Ticket ***

Vignette - Waiting

It is as if there were
a backyard
walled in
by high fences of yellow wood
No breeze blows here.
The air hangs
heavy
beaten by the sun
into leaden stillness
that resents every breath.
There are no flowers.
Only crisply long dead grass
yellowed as a
desiccated corpse
& dry cracked packed earth
that breaks open at a touch
to pour through the fingers
like the remnants
of half-forgotten ambitions.

vignette: waiting

It is as if there were
a backyard,
walled in
by high fences of yellow wood.
No breeze blows here.
The air hangs
heavy,
beaten by the sun
into leaden stillness
that resents every breath.
There are no flowers;
only crisply longdead grass,
yellowed as a
desiccated corpse,
& dry cracked packed earth
that breaks open at a touch
to pour through the fingers
like the remnants
of half-forgotten ambitions.

Summertime, & Other Stories

These are
the glowing instants
that you tuck away in envelope
so that when the light is low
you can take them out
hold them up

keep the shadows at bay.
There is perhaps
sitting on a warm windowsill
very high up
watching a flaming sunset
with a good friend who is
singing you that song you like.

There is perhaps
The Fireworks Five Years Ago
locked in a mental snowglobe
sharper, more vivid & explosive
with every repetition
than the real thing ever was.
Perhaps the emotional equivalent
of a tidal wave, as you realize
there are Larger Things
in the universe
than you can comprehend.
Perhaps a sleepy afternoon
watching snowflakes spiral down
to cover a city light.
Sometimes the envelope is even
almost full enough to assure you
that better times are not unprecedented.

BUSIT!

Route 9B

Driver: 11696

Ticket: 4056

Fare: UNI SV \$1.70

From Stop: 25

To Stop: 21

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$10.90

Time: 07:01

07 Feb 19

** Transfer Expires **

08:01 AM

* Free transfer trip *
* within city boundary *
* boarded before expiry *
** NOT TRANSFERABLE **

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

summertime, & other stories

These are
the glowing instants
that you tuck away in envelopes,
so that when the light is low
you can take them out,
hold them up,
keep the shadows at bay.
There is perhaps
sitting on a warm windowsill
very high up
watching a flaming sunset
with a good friend who is
singing you that song you like.
There is perhaps
the Fireworks Five Years Ago
locked in a mental snow-globe,
sharper, more vivid & explosive
with every repetition
than the real thing ever was.
Perhaps, the emotional equivalent
of a tidal wave, back when you realized
there are Larger Things
in the universe
than you can understand.
Perhaps a sleepy afternoon
watching snowflakes spiral down
to cover a skylight.
Sometimes the envelope is even
almost full enough to assure you
that better times
are not unprecedented.

BUSIT!

Route 2B

Driver: 11664

Ticket: 2674

Fare: UNI SV \$1.70

From Stop: 34

To Stop: 33

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$7.50

Time: 18:30

12 Feb 19

** Transfer Expires **

7:30 PM

* Free Transfer Trip *
 * within city boundary *
 * boarded before expiry *
 ** NOT TRANSFERABLE **
 WARNING, CARD VALUE LOW

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

May I have a soft-serve
 cone, please?

& it appears I have
 what they call 'beer taste'
 which are neither
 discerning nor refined,
 but here we go.
 Fact:

fast-food soft-serve is
 the greatest dessert in the
 world

A deliberate invention, not
 like ice-cream proper
 a discovery:
 usually vanilla-flavor -
 the 2nd-dearest spice of all
 Pure white, aesthetically
 inoffensive-to-pleasing
 depending on swirl.

Texture cohesive,
 almost stretchy, slight grit
 so you know it's there.
 Slow-melting, well-shaping
 until eaten, then
 delectably liquid.

Come, Camrynade, punygo
 of ambrosia:

Swirl me your swirliest
 soft-serve ice-cream-cone
 Here is your Fee - 70¢

may i have a soft-serve cone, please?

& it appears I have
what they call 'beer tastes',
which are
neither discerning nor refined
but here we go.

Fact:

fast-food soft-serve is
the greatest dessert in the world.

A deliberate *invention*, not
like ice-cream proper
a discovery.

Usually vanilla-flavor –
the second-dearest spice of all.

Pure white, aesthetically
inoffensive-to-pleasing
depending on swirl.

Texture cohesive,
almost-stretchy, slight grit
so you know it's there.

Slow-melting, well-shaping,
until eaten, then
delectably liquid.

Come, Ganymede, purveyor
of ambrosia:

swirl me thy swirliest
soft-serve cone.

Here is thy fee: 70 ¢.

BUSIT!

*** Not a Valid ***

*** Ticket ***

Driver 10114

Module 549728

Time 07:31

Date Thu, 21 Feb 19

SmartCard Updated

Card:145045

Value Added: \$10.00

Card Cash Is: \$15.80

*** Not a Valid ***

*** Travel Ticket ***

which is not really
about doors

It has been
so long
in the house with
the stiff door-handles,
tugging hard
against old ratchet-gears,
sometimes just giving up
& going off to do something
useful.
but not
what you originally meant-
that when you move
unexpectedly
to another place
you have to take care
not to
wrench the handles off the doors
not to
use too much force
now that things are
finally working properly

*which is not really
about doors*

It has been
so long
in the house with
the stiff door-handles,
tugging hard
against old ratchet-gears,
sometimes just giving up
& going off to do something
useful
but not
what you originally meant –
that when you move
unexpectedly
to another place,
you have to take care
not to
wrench the handles off the doors,
not to
use too much force
now that things are
finally working properly.

Nightmares Are what
You make Them
It occurred
to my dream-self
the other night
to look up
in the middle of an idyll
when all the things
we never thought of wanting
(too impossible, too outlandish)
were there & real & happening
& she was happy &
not worrying or
carrying an ever-scrolling
to-do list in her head,
just living tranquil
with someone she adored
& worthy work.
But look up she did
& said
'You know
this is a nightmare,
right?'

BUSIT!

Route 52A

Driver: 10114

Ticket: 6930

Fare: UNI SV \$1.70

From Stop: 8

To Stop: 9

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$14.10

Time: 07:31

21 Feb 19

** Transfer Expires **

08:31 AM

* Free Transfer Trip *
* within city boundary *
* boarded before expiry *
** NOT TRANSFERABLE **

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

nightmares are what you make them

It occurred
to my dream-self
the other night
to look up
in the middle of an idyll,
when all the things
we never thought of wanting
(too impossible, too outlandish)
were there & real & happening,
& she was happy &
not worrying or
carrying an ever-scrolling
to-do list in her head,
just living tranquil
with someone she adored
& doing worthy work.
But look up she did
& said
'You know
this is a nightmare,
right?'

The Big Wave

I always thought
it was a myth
or some
'super-spiritual' over-dramatic
SOB
being over-dramatic
or some
purely physiological/psychological
response to predictable stimuli.
& then one day
in a dim & silent corner
of a church
slowly emptying after the last hymn,
the wave came.

& I stood
upside-down & inside-out
on the edge of a precipice
somewhere deep in the ocean;
swept off my feet close inshore
by tumbling surf
& brought here
breathing underwater
to meet God.

At that precipice there is:

- the mind-sucking personal insignificance
of looking at a thousand
other galaxies through the Hubble
when your mind is barely big enough
to understand the size of this one;
- the warm-blanket-on-cold-night
center-of-the-universe feeling
of someone loving specifically you
quite a lot
(I didn't recognize this one until later)
- & peace so deep & profound & foreign
it felt like chaos
- all multiplied x a few myriad
& now I know
in whom I have believed... &c.

Transfer Trip
City boundary
boarded before expiry
NOT TRANSFERABLE

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

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Keep Iki for Inspector

BUSIT!

Route 52

Driver: 11756

Ticket: 17898

Fare: UNI SV \$1.70

From Stop: 27

To Stop: 28

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$12.40

Time: 17:07

21 Feb 19

Transfer Expires

6:07 PM

* Free Transfer Trip *
* within city boundary *
* boarded before expiry *
* NOT TRANSFERABLE *

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

the big wave

I always thought
it was a myth,
or some
'super-spiritual' over-dramatic SOB
being over-dramatic,
or some
purely physiological/psychological
response to predictable stimuli.
& then one day
in a dim & silent corner
of a church slowly emptying after the last hymn,
the wave came.
& I stood
upside-down & inside-out
on the edge of a precipice
somewhere deep in the ocean,
swept off my feet close inshore
by tumbling surf
& brought here, breathing underwater,
to meet God.
At that precipice there is:
- the mindsucking personal insignificance
of looking at a thousand
other galaxies through the Hubble
when your mind is barely big enough
to understand the size of this one;
- the warm-blanket-on-cold-night
center-of-the-universe feeling
of someone loving *specifically* you
quite a lot
(I didn't recognize this one until later)
- a peace so deep & profound & foreign
it felt like chaos
- all multiplied \times a few myriad.
& now I know
in whom I have believed... &c.

The Taste of Wanting

There used to be
Parma Violets -
pale purple
little pressed discs of powdered ^{sugar}
like pills.

You bought them in ^{coin} rolls
from the newsagent's
& they tasted
like the perfumed heart
of the blackest-purple violets
dipped in syrup
& nipped off between the teeth.

There used to be
long weeks of summer
hot & dry & sugar-sticky
until the black-purple clouds
unrolled

& the rain came down in sheets
& if you tilted back your head
to drink it in,
the shock of rain
sparkled in your mouth.
Somewhere between these two
is a faded-purple taste
that dloys & sparkles
& fills the whole body.

somewhere between these two
is a violet-perfumed flavor
with metallic glitter.

You ~~lose~~ ^{find} this ghost on your tongue
when you watch the shuttle taking off
hear certain songs or otherwise
want something so badly you can taste it.

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Keep TKI for Inspection

BUSIT!

Route 9B

Driver: 11698

Ticket: 141

Fare: UNI SV \$1.70

From Stop: 25

To Stop: 23

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$9.0

Time: 07:02

01 Apr 19

** Transfer Expires **

08:02 AM

* Free transfer trip *
* within city boundary *
* boarded before expiry *
** NOT TRANSFERABLE **

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

the taste of wanting

There used to be
Parma Violets –
pale purple
little pressed discs of powdered sugar
like pills.

You bought them in coinrolls
from the newsagents
& they tasted
like the perfumed heart
of the black-purple violets
dipped in syrup
& nipped off between the teeth.

There used to be
long weeks of summer,
hot & dry & sugar-sticky
until the black-purple clouds
unrolled
& the rain came down in sheets
& if you tilted back your head
to drink it in,
the shock of rain
sparkled in your mouth.

Somewhere between these two
is a faded-purple taste
that cloys & sparkles
& fills the whole body.

Somewhere between these two
is a violet-perfumed flavor
with metallic glitter.

You find this ghost on your tongue
when you watch the Space Shuttle taking off or
hear certain songs or otherwise
want something so badly
you can taste it.

6 pm, Monday, Teaching
Recess

& the silence
of the staffroom after hours -
when the coffee machine
is turned off
& the murmur of many
science-closed-shoes
& voices
have wandered off -
is littered with
the little
unnoises
that create the soundscape
called
silence:
a clock ticks.
Cars sigh past on the road,
faintly heard
through thin elderly windows
& many yards of lawn.
The water boiler
grumbles occasionally.
Somewhere ~~through~~ beyond
many concrete walls, floors,
a lab alarm
laments an intrusion.
In the perfect silence
that is unbroken only until
you stop to listen to it,
my own fingers,
gently releasing a coffee cup,
make a musical chime.

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Keep IKT for Inspector

BUSIT!

written 15/4/19

Route 2B

Driver: 11775

Ticket: 10306

Fare: UNI SV \$1.70

From Stop:34

To Stop:33

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$5.60

Time: 16:32

12 Apr 19

★★ Transfer Expires ★★

5:32 PM

★ Free transfer trip ★
★ within city boundary ★
★ boarded before expiry ★
★★ NOT TRANSFERABLE ★★

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

6 pm, monday, teaching recess

& the silence
of the staffroom after hours –
when the coffee machine
is turned off
& the murmur of many
science-closed-shoes
& voices
has wandered off –
is littered with
the little
unnoises
that create the soundscape called
silence:
a clock ticks.
cars sigh past on the road,
faintly heard
through thin elderly windows
& over many yards of lawn.
the water boiler
grumbles occasionally.
Somewhere beyond
many concrete walls & floors,
a lab alarm
laments an intrusion.
In the perfect silence
that is unbroken only until
one stops to listen to it
my own fingers,
gently releasing a coffee cup,
make a crystalline musical chime.

In This Decade

Before 2029
they say
there will be
another human on the moon
On the antarctic polar wastes
she will melt ice;
perhaps drink
for the first time in history
the water of
another world.
We choose
to go back to the moon
in this decade:
we choose
to have another generation
as their grandparents stood
downing tools
to cluster around a screen
& watch in awe
as another brave soul
takes another great leap
for all mankind.
And as for the other things?
we never really stopped
doing those.

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Keep 161 for Inspector

BUSIT!

Route 2

Driver: 11551

Ticket: 6548

Fare: UNI SV \$1.70

From Stop: 29

To Stop: 28

Card: 145045

Credit left: \$3.90

Time: 19:01

18 Apr 19

** Transfer Expires **

8:01 PM

* Free transfer trip *
* within city boundary *
* boarded before expiry *
** NOT TRANSFERABLE **

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

in this decade

Before 2029

they say

there will be

another human on the moon.

On the anarctic polar wastes

she will melt ice;

perhaps drink

for the first time in history

the water of

another world.

We choose

to go back to the moon

in this decade;

we choose

to have another generation stand

as their grandparents stood

downing tools

to cluster around a screen

& watch in awe

as another brave soul

takes another great leap

for all mankind.

And as for the other things?

We never really stopped

doing those.

^a

^a Some possibly helpful context: *"But why, some say, the Moon? Why choose this as our goal? And they may well ask, why climb the highest mountain? Why, 35 years ago, fly the Atlantic? Why does Rice play Texas? We choose to go to the Moon!... We choose to go to the Moon in this decade and do the other things, not because they are easy, but because they are hard..."* – John F. Kennedy; Houston, Texas; September 12, 1962

BUSIT!

Route 9

Driver: 11789

Ticket: 4683

Fare: UNI SV \$1.70

From Stop:11

To Stop:10

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$0.50

Time: 18:39

04 May 19

**** Transfer Expires ****

7:39 PM

* Free transfer trip *
* within city boundary *
* boarded before expiry *
* NOT TRANSFERABLE *
WARNING, CARD VALUE LOW

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

There Will Be Death

& this will come
to an end
Someday
in some way
as all good things do;
will join
the British Empire,
eight-track tapes,
Audrey Hepburn,
the convent on Clyde St,
& other great & terrible
weird & wonderful
earthly things that have passed away
leaving behind
only memories
& strange souvenirs -
the ashes ^{Ecce}
of an inferno that has burned it.
There will be death.
There will be decay & loss
& things that feel like
the end of the f***ing world.
But the roses do not glow
less deep & vivid
in the sunlight
of late summer;
the grass is not less
rich electric green
under the willows;
just because they know
it will rain tomorrow.

there will be death

& this will come
to an end
someday
in some way
as all good things do.
It will join
the British Empire,
eight-track tapes,
Audrey Hepburn,
the convent on Clyde Street,
& other great & terrible,
weird & wonderful
earthly things that have passed away,
leaving behind
only memories
& strange souvenirs:
the ashes
of an inferno that has burned its course.
There will be death.
There will be decay
& loss
& things that feel like
the end of the f*****g world.
But the roses do not glow
less deep & vivid
in the sunlight
of late summer;
the grass is not less
rich electric green
under the willows;
just because they know
it will rain tomorrow.

WANTED ON VOYAGE -
THIS WAY UP

& because
I have to go soon -
halfway
around the world in fact
I need my head turned
the right way up: -
so all the
to-do lists
flight numbers
job details
do not fall out.

But soon is not now
& for now
I can tilt it over enough
to rest on your shoulder
& fall asleep
without anything too vital
shaking loose
wake me up
when they call economy
or
for the heat-death of the universe.
I'll want to see that.

AIR NEW ZEALAND 

A STAR ALLIANCE MEMBER 



03C

5813

SEAT

wanted on voyage – this way up

& because

I have to go soon –

halfway

around the world in fact –

I need my head turned

the right way up:

so all the

to-do lists

flight numbers

job details

do not fall out.

But *soon* is not *now*

& for now

I can tilt it over enough

to rest on your shoulder

& fall asleep

without anything too vital

shaking loose.

Wake me up

when they call economy

or

for the heat-death of the universe.

I'll want to see that.



FLIGHT: **NZ5813**
FROM: **HLZ** TO: **WLG**
DATE: **13MAY**
ESTIMATED
BOARDING: **07:35AM**

SEAT: **03C**

The Seatbelt Sign is Illuminated

Today (most days) I am
the impecunious speed-demon
getting high on
the wind in my hair
the acceleration
shoving me jealously
but ineffectually
back in my seat.

No needle tracks for this drug.
No brakes either.

The ultimate of course is
take-off in a small aeroplane -
going faster & faster until
the earth itself cannot hold me.

Next challenge: restraining the urge
to laugh as high-maniacally as I feel
when the wheels leave the ground.

the seatbelt sign is illuminated

Today (most days) I am
The impecunious speed-demon
getting high on
the wind in my hair
the acceleration
shoving me jealously
but ineffectually
back in my seat.
No needle tracks for this drug.
No brakes either.
The ultimate of course is
take-off in a small aeroplane –
going faster & faster until
the earth itself cannot hold me.
Next challenge:
restraining the urge
to laugh as high-maniacally as I feel
when the wheels leave the ground.

HLZ



NZ 914552 NZ5810 /14

Dawn Comes Early at 17,000 ft.

It is a stormy morning
down there -


the edges of the bay
are marked with the
surging swells of lightfoam -
a wave of headlights -
early commuters.

In the flat-plain steppes
of cloud country,
we scream through the air
& the little hills on the horizon

keep pace,
serenely still
against the eternally red sky
of a long-drawn dawn.

Under the waves,
in the occasional pits between
airy whitecaps -
deep, very deep,
glows Atlantis.

AIR NEW ZEALAND 

A STAR ALLIANCE MEMBER 



06C

5810

SEAT

dawn comes early at 17,000 ft

It is a stormy morning
down there –
the edges of the bay
are marked with the
surging swells of lightfoam –
a wave of headlights –
early commuters.
In the flat-plain steppes
of cloud country,
we scream through the air
& the little hills on the horizon
keep pace,
serenely still
against the eternally red sky
of a long-drawn dawn.
Under the waves,
in the occasional pits between
airy whitecaps –
deep, very deep,
glows Atlantis.





FLIGHT: NZ5810
 FROM: WLG TO: HLZ
 DATE: 14MAY
 ESTIMATED BOARDING: 06:00AM
 SEAT: 06C
 KA13

Localized Time-Warp

Look at your watch.
 Now back at me. [to test]
 We shall conduct an experiment
 a lesser-known
 principle of relativity:
 that time speeds up
 when you (an observer) are
 having fun or
~~near~~ close to someone you love^{or} [very much]
 when you don't have much left.
 Time flies like a startled black bird for
 the moments you wanted most
 to last forever.
 Now back at your watch.
 It's been an hour. Science, man.

localized time-warp

Look at your watch.

Now look back up.

We shall conduct an experiment to test

a lesser-known

principle of relativity:

that time speeds up

when you (an observer) are

having fun or

close to someone you love very much or

when you don't have much left.

Time flees like a startled blackbird from

the moments you wanted most

to last forever.

When you look back at your watch,

it's been an hour.

Science, man.

→ I Will Almost Miss the Rain

when the storm clouds
well black &
the night
comes at noon over the hills
while the sun
still pours down
behind the wall
in the city;
when the ducks
shake themselves busily
out of their raps
on the muddy bank
& go to work
splashing in the puddles
polishing
their iridescent feathers;
when little rivers
run in the gutters,
washing away
the accumulated grime;
when the dry soil
drinks deeply
in little sighing sips
& the heads of the grass
are bowed under
the weight of diamonds;
then Hamilton is lovely
& then

www.BUSITL.CO.HK

From: TEL: 2875463

BUSIT!

Route 9

Driver: 11803

Ticket: 2470

Fare: UNE SV \$1.70

From

To

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$5.40

Time: 14:08

31 May 19

3:08 PM

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

www.hkett

i will almost miss the rain

When the storm clouds
well black &
the night
comes at noon over the hills
while the sun
still pours down
behind the wall
in the city;
when the ducks
shake themselves busily
out of their naps
on the muddy bank
& go to work,
splashing in the puddles,
polishing
their iridescent feathers;
when little rivers
run in the gutters,
washing away
the accumulated grime;
when the dry soil
drinks deeply
in little sighing sips
& the heads of the grass
are bowed under
the weight of diamonds;
then Hamilton is lovely
& then
I will almost miss the rain.

qantas.com



Bag 1

Sat

Service Information

SYDNEY
Terminal 1

QANTAS AIRWAYS
FROM

QANTAS

Name



Cthulhages
& his reaching fingers
loom out of the darkness
in the depths of the printed rocket nozzle
for if you joke about him
too loudly
the trees of the print
will be decaying
& the cthulhages come looking
for over-talkative engineers.
& his staring eyes
bone gummy holes
in the surface of a cake
for if you say his name
too often
the bubbles in the batter
will boil up
& the cthulhages peer through
to see if you have
that cartoon about cthulhulation of the sea
in your kitchen.
Be careful, then
where you are when you speak R'lyeh
& move the stones in the pond gently
& wipe away the colowebbs softly
for Cthulhu's slumber is uneasy in the ocean
& his sleeping eyes watch on.

91D00183

GA280 KS G

TMA AUSTRALIA PTY LIMITED

cthulhages

& his reaching fingers
loom out of the darkness
of the depths of the printed rocket-nozzle
for if you joke about him
too loudly
the trees of the print
will be decayed
& the Cthulhages come looking
for over-talkative engineers.
& his staring eyes
bore gummy holes
in the surface of a cake
for if you say his name
too often
the bubbles in the batter
will boil up
& the Cthulhages peer through
to see if you have
that cartoon about the Cthulhulation of the seas
in your kitchen.
Be careful, then,
where you are when you speak R'lyeh,
& move the stones in the pond gently,
& wipe away the cobwebs softly,
for Cthulhu's slumber is uneasy in the ocean
& his sleeping eyes watch on.

www.dusit.co.nz

Keep TKI For Inspector

BUSIT!

Route 2

Driver: 11551

Ticket: 6017

Fare: UNI SV \$1.70

From Stop: 29

To Stop: 28

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$7.10

Time: 19:02

28 May 19

** Transfer Expires **

8:02 PM

* Free transfer trip *
* within city boundary *
* boarded before expiry *
** NOT TRANSFERABLE **

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

БЛОГ/ВЛОГ/backspace

I can
look pleasantly at the camera,
keep all the words
in my head
or say them
in the right order;
maybe two of these;
not all three.

If I make a typo here
I cannot back the cursor at
& fix just one second
seamlessly-
mistakes require de-overs.

What's past is locked
on film
read-only,

& sometimes (often)

'sorry, I'll do
that again'

is not enough

does not erase

what came before.

& in this single
reel of film that's life,
whoops, I meant to say
means less
than what was said.

блог/влог/бекспейс (blog/vlog/backspace)

I can
look pleasantly at the camera,
keep all the words
in my head,
or say them
in the right order;
maybe two of these;
not all three.
If I make a typo here
I cannot back the cursor off
& fix just one second
seamlessly.
Mistakes require do-overs.
What's past is locked
on film
read-only
& sometimes (often)
'sorry I'll do
that again'
is not enough
does not erase
what came before.
& in this single
reel of film that's life,
'whoops I *meant* to say'
means less
than what was said.^a

^a Written sometime in summer, in Mountain View, CA.

Keep IKT for Inspector

BUSIT!

*** Not a Valid ***

*** Ticket ***

Driver 10394

Module 522780

Time 08:36

Date Sun, 19 May 19

SmartCard Updated

Card:145045

Value Added: \$10.00

Card Cash Is: \$10.50

*** Not a Valid ***

*** Travel Ticket ***

Thoughts of 'Home' on the Stevens Creek Trail.

Here I am
walking beside the creek
that runs in a culvert.
& there are
blackberries
holding out
long grasping fingers
with sharp nails
as if to say
'come, taste'
'remember
the place you call home'
'remember
a different place
that felt like home.'
& so at their bidding
I reach out
through the thorns
to the rich dark cluster of
a ripe blackberry among the flowers.
Hold it for a minute. Decide.
It has the sweet-purple
metallic taste of wanting.

thoughts of 'home' on the stevens creek trail

Here I am
walking beside the creek
that runs in a culvert
& there are
blackberries
holding out
long grasping fingers
with sharp nails
as if to say
'come, taste';
'remember
the place you call home';
'remember
a different place
that felt like home';
& so at their bidding
I reach out
through the thorns
to the rich dark cluster of
a ripe blackberry among the flowers.
Hold it for a minute.
Decide.
It has the sweet-purple
metallic taste
of wanting.^a

^a Written sometime in summer, in Mountain View, CA.

The Queen Anne's lace is yellow here
a disorderly crowd of flat-topped blondes
struggling up the railway bank
trying to look like a rapeseed field in spring
& not doing very well out of it

I had not seen
an all out desert before - like so far
green, ocean lined, never too far
from crashing waves on rainy day
This flat, dead, sandy plain
glazes sullenly up. Here I am,
hurry through, or stay forever

I can see why people
choose to be here -
the red rocks coat themselves
in heavy green fir
& present a friendlier face to canyons & canoes
& the mountains leap a mile in the sky
& look almost like home.

God is wise - for lo, they have provided
unto all in the middle of a continent
who will never see the flat sharp blade
of an ocean horizon
the flat sharp blade of the horizon
in an ocean of level corn fields

To see West Virginia at long last with my own eyes
after so many years hearing John Denver
is a kind of para-homecoming; it is not my home
but it is somebody's; not just another place
& so I try to look on it with respect.

RING TRIP

From	12 AUG 1976:40AM	Carrier	UNRESERVED COACH SEAT	Status
To	SANTA CLARA-UNIVER, CA	From	TO EMERYVILLE, CA	Time
Endorsement/Restrictions	6	Not Valid Before/After	Accom	
	12 AUG 1976:10AM		RESERVED COACH SEAT	
	EMERYVILLE, CA		TO CHICAGO-UNION STA, IL	

Form of Payment

ETICKET
DOCUMENT
HAS NO
VALUE

Fare Plans

Pricing Pts

ID REQD ON BOARD
097998004031

P1 08:56:01:0753

NRPT 96

STOCK CONTROL NO.

Tkt. Ptr.



ETICKET TRAVEL DOCUMENT

TKT NO - DO NOT MARK OR STAMP IN THIS BLOCK

coast-to-coast amtrak

The Queen Anne's Lace is yellowed here
a disorderly crowd of flat-topped blondes
straggling up the railway bank
trying to look like a rapeseed field in spring
& not doing very well at it.

I had not seen
an all-out desert before – life so far has been
green, ocean-lined, never too far
from crashing waves or rainy days.
This flat, dead, sandy plain
glares sullenly up: here I am.
Hurry through or stay forever.

I can see why people
choose to be here –
the red rocks coat themselves
in heavy green fir
& present a friendlier face to cañons & canoes
& the mountains leap a mile in the sky
& almost look like home.

God is wise – for lo, He has provided
to the middle of a continent
who will never see the flat sharp blade
of an ocean horizon
the flat sharp blade of the horizon
in an ocean of level cornfields.

To see West Virginia at long last with my own eyes
after so many years hearing John Denver
is a kind of para-homecoming: it is not my home
but it is somebody's.
Not just another place.
& so I try to look on it with respect.

Cold

*They say, never
go back to a place
(or is it
you can
never
go back to a place?
the latter would be true
due to dimensional constancy
the former...)
I've done it twice now.
& the place
has changed
& it still feels strange
because the little changes
a shop here
a signpost there
a moved bus stop -
changes
monet would not catch -
stack up
& unless you manage
to spot them all
it is
a return to 2001
where everything is
just the way you'd expect
it to be
but ever so slightly
off.
& I am not sure when I will
get to*

WWW.DUST.CO.NZ

Keep TKT for Inspector

BUSIT!

Route 9B

Driver: 11723

Ticket: 1705

Fare: UNI SV \$1.70

From Stop: 25

To Stop: 24

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$3.70

Time: 06:59

28 Aug 19

** Transfer Expires **

07:59 AM

* Free transfer trip *
* within city boundary *
* boarded before expiry *
** NOT TRANSFERABLE **

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

cold

They say, never
go back to a place
(or is it
you can
never
go back to a place?
The latter would be true,
due to dimensional constraints,
the former...)
I've done it twice now.
& the place
has changed
& it still feels strange
because the little changes –
a shop here,
a signpost there,
a moved bus stop –
changes
Monet would not catch –
stack up
& unless you manage
to spot them all
it is
a return to 2001
where everything is
just the way you'd expect
but ever so slightly
off.
& I am not sure
when I will get home.

On The Beach
 & the rain
 arrives in ribbons
 over the shimmering surface
 of the water
 like the stripes
 of fingers
 dragged across a suede couch.
 the waves crash
 on the steep shore
 an naturally narrow
 unnaturally yellow
 at the steep concrete cliff
 & the spray dashes
 against the coats
 of the people who stand
 waiting for the boats.
 The arks
 come & go
 grating aground on the beach
 & push off again
 chassies
 scraping across the
 yellow paint
 on the kerb,
 wheels splashing through
 the thin film of water
 on the concrete apron
 of the bus depot.

WWW.DUST.CO.NZ

Keep TKI for Inspection

BUSIT!

Route 13

Driver: 10634

Ticket: 6454

Fare: UNI SV \$1.70

From Stop: 25

To Stop: 24

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$2.00

Time: 19:31

28 Aug 19

** Transfer Expires **

8:31 PM

* Free Transfer Trip *
 * within city boundary *
 * boarded before expiry *
 ** NOT TRANSFERABLE **

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

on the beach

& the rain
arrives in ribbons
over the shimmering surface
of the water,
like the stripes
of fingers
dragged across a suede couch.
The waves crash
on the shore,
unnaturally narrow,
unnaturally yellow,
at the steep concrete cliff
& the spray dashes
against the coats
of the people who stand
waiting for the boats.
The arks
come & go,
grating aground on the beach
& pushing off again,
chassis
scraping across the yellow paint
on the curb,
wheels splashing through
the thin film of water
on the concrete apron
of the bus depot.

The
Love & Other Drugs Album
(Track 1)

& I have
altered my mind before now
~~that~~ intelligent
bored
wannabe-unconventional
prekntious-poetry-writing
seeker-type
hasn't?

My nstixia

salvia
nicotine
ethanol -

okay.

nothing illegal
expensive

long-lasting

life-changing

smart, right?

seeking out

the ever smoother calm

& higher high

with no strings attached.

makes sense that I

would end up here.

I finally found

a high I don't want

to come down from.

(Just as well; not sure I can.)

www.BUSIT.CO.NZ

Keep TKT for Inspector

BUSIT!

Route 9B

Driver: 11723

Ticket: 726

Fare: UNI SV \$1.70

From Stop: 25

To Stop: 24

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$0.30

Time: 07:00

29 Aug 19

** Transfer Expires **

08:00 AM

* Free transfer trip *
* within city boundary *
* boarded before expiry *
** NOT TRANSFERABLE **
WARNING: CARD VALUE LOW

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

love & other drugs (track 1)

& I have
altered my mind before now:
what intelligent
bored
wannabe-unconventional
pretentious-poetry-writing
seeker-type
hasn't?
Myristicin
salvia
nicotine
ethanol –
okay.
Nothing illegal
expensive
long-lasting
life-changing
smart, right?
Seeking out
the ever-smoother calm
& ever-higher high
with no strings attached.
Makes sense that I
would end up here.
I finally found
a high I don't want
to come down from.
(Just as well;
not sure I can.)

www.dusit.co.nz

Keep It For Inspection

BUSIT!

*** Not a Valid ***

*** Ticket ***

Driver 11683

Module 534535

Time 18:03

Date Thu, 29 Aug 19

SmartCard Updated

Card:145045

Value Added: \$10.00

Card Cash Is: \$10.30

*** Not a Valid ***

*** Travel Ticket ***

Love & Other Drugs (Track 2)

I am not high anymore
so that's something.

It was a long trip home
& for two years now
my life has been
in orbit

waiting for
that one little extra thrust
to get the hell away
from this town
out of Dodge

on a one-way train
going anywhere.

Perhaps I am high
on something less concrete
after all

because I find myself
seriously imagining
staying.

Love & other drugs (track 2)

I am not high anymore
so that's something.
It was a long trip home
& for two years now
my life has been
in orbit
waiting for
that one little extra thrust
to get the hell away
from this town
out of Dodge
on a one-way train
going anywhere.
Perhaps I am hooked
on something less concrete
after all
because I find myself
seriously considering
staying.

We are off the Yellow Brick Road
& into the Poppy Fields

I have no concept
of twenty years
ten years
as a plannable chunk of time.

I would like to

- be that grownup
who shrugs & says
'but that was
a very long time ago'
& means it.
- still be in touch
with people
from ten-fifteen
years ago
& not just hate-read
their blogs.
- have a career
all planned out
more than
a 'meh' and a handwave
at least to within
the nearest continent
is that
too much to ask?

But in ten years
a lot of random windfalls
million-to-one odds
& freak accidents
can occur
& I guess if I wanted
to ignore all of them
I could make some kind of plan

www.BUSIT.CO.NZ
Keep IT for Inspector

BUSIT!

Route 52

Driver: 11611

Ticket: 6955

Fare: UNI SV \$1.70

From Stop: 1

To Stop: 2

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$0.10

Time: 19:10

03 Sep 19

** Transfer Expires **

8:10 PM

* Free transfer trip
* within city boundary
* boarded before expiry
** NOT TRANSFERABLE
WARNING: CARD VALUE LOW

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

*we are off the yellow brick road
& into the poppy fields*

I have no concept
of twenty years
(or ten years)
as a plannable chunk of time.

I would like to

- be that grownup
who shrugs & says
'but that was
a very long time ago'
& means it.
- still be in touch
with people
from ten-fifteen years ago
& not just hate-read
their blogs.
- have a career
all planned out
more than
a 'meh' and a handwave
at least to within
the nearest continent
is that too much to ask?

But in ten years
a lot of random windfalls
million-to-one odds
& freak accidents
can occur
& I guess if I wanted
to ignore *all* of them
I could make
some kind of plan.

BUSIT!

O.L.O. here & now

Hail, Mary, full of grace;
I wonder if you're listening.
I wonder if you recognize her,

the pale
tranquil

melancholy
center piece of many shrines
obverse detail of many medallions
revered object of many icons.

The Lord is with thee;
& with me;

They said so.

Blessed art thou among women
& blessed is
the fruit of thy womb
Jesus.

I wonder if he recognizes
himself in the pictures.

Does he mind (do you?)
being drawn

Korean

Spanish

British

Entirean

maori?

Holy Mary, mother of God,
how does it feel to be so right

that your prayers are
more effective than the Pope's?

pray for me, Mary; please
ask God to tell me what I want.

Route 52A

Driver: 11685

Ticket: 683

Fare: UNI SV \$1.70

From Stop:1

To Stop:2

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$16.70

Time: 09:25

08 Sep 19

** Transfer Expires **

10:25 AM

* Free transfer trip *
* within city boundary *
* boarded before expiry *
** NOT TRANSFERABLE **

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

our lady of here & now

Hail Mary, full of grace,
I wonder if you're listening.
I wonder if you recognize her,
the pale
tranquil
melancholy
centerpiece of many shrines
obverse detail of many medallions
revered object of many icons?
The LORD is with thee;
& with me;
He said so.
Blessed art thou among women
& blessed is
the fruit of thy womb
Jesus.
I wonder if he recognizes
himself in the pictures.
Does he mind (do you?)
being drawn
Korean
Spanish
British
Eritrean
Māori?
Holy Mary, Mother of God,
how does it feel to be so righteous
that your prayers are
more effective than the Pope's?
Pray for me, Mary: please
ask God to tell me
what He wants.

BUSIT!

Route 9B

Driver: 11723

Ticket: 8223

Fare: UNI SV \$1.70

From Stop: 25

To Stop: 24

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$11.60

Time: 06:58

13 Sep 19

** Transfer Expires **

07:58 AM

* Free transfer trip *
* within city boundary *
* boarded before expiry *
** NOT TRANSFERABLE **

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

The Original Green
(no reprise)

& the grass is
always greener
& the water
always cleaner

& the waves
crawl softer
up upon
the shores I've left behind.
A wise man said
that if you go
with gaze turned back
to what you know
it won't be very long before
your path becomes
a wall.

& Voyager
will not return;
it wouldn't find
where it had been,
but only what
the earth is now:
that's not the same
at all.
& as I ride along the rail
of missions denied missions failed
(back & forward)
glows the Original Green.

the original green (no reprise)

& the grass is
always greener
& the water
always cleaner
& the waves
crawl softer
up upon
the shores I've left behind.
A wise man said
that if you go
with gaze turned back
to what you know
it won't be very long before
your path becomes
a wall.
& Voyager
will not return:
it wouldn't find
where it had been,
but only what
the Earth is now.
That's not the same
at all.

I want (Mark 10:29-31)

The things I leave behind
in your name, O God,
you say you will
pay me back 100 times
eventually.

The trouble is, Lord,
telling me you will replace
something unique
something irreplaceable
something you totally can
(but probably won't)

save for me
or for its own sake
or Just Frickin' Because
It's worth saving
anyway. That's a lie.

I don't want a hundred.

I want this one.

Is that too much to ask?

And you who are reading
waiting for
a neat resolution
a saintly Acceptance—
well, you're not
going to get one.

Because this sucks
& I don't understand.

WWW.BUSIT.CO.NZ

Keep IKT for Inspector

BUSIT!

201WJL, JOTR, 201WJL

Route 52A

Driver: 11685

Ticket: 273

Fare: UNI SV \$1.70

From Stop: 6

To Stop: 7

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$8.20

Time: 09:27

22 Sep 19

** Transfer Expires **

10:27 AM

* Free Transfer Trip *
* within city boundary *
* boarded before expiry *
** NOT TRANSFERABLE **

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

i want (mark 10:29-31)

The things I leave behind
in your name, O God,
you say you will
pay me back a hundred times
eventually.

The trouble is, LORD,
telling me you will replace
something unique
something irreplaceable
something you totally can
(but probably won't)
save for me

or for its own sake
or Just Frickin' Because
It's Worth Saving:
that's a lie.

I don't want a hundred.

I want this one.

Is that too much to ask?

And you who are reading
waiting for

a neat resolution

a saintly Acceptance –

well, you're not

going to get one.

Because this sucks

& I don't understand.

Hope

They say
when God wants to punish you
They will give you
what you asked for
& here we are:
I have it all.

Science, literature,
mild notoreity,
conferences, panels,
papers, true love (?),
groundbreaking research,
a job I like,
broad interests, travel,
fulfilling hobbies... About
& I never really thought
how hard it is
to balance
how neurotic
& stubborn
& fireless
you have to be
& how fast you reach
the limit
of tolerance -
the point at which
you cannot sanely survive
getting
what you asked for.

www.BUSIT.CO.NZ

Keep Iki for Inspector

BUSIT!

Route 9B

Driver: 11723

Ticket: 7693

Fare: UNI SV \$1.70

From Stop: 25

To Stop: 24

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$3.10

Time: 06:58

09 Oct 19

** Transfer Expires **

07:58 AM

* Free transfer trip *
* within city boundary *
* boarded before expiry *
** NOT TRANSFERABLE **

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

hope

It is said
when God wants to punish you
He will give you
what you asked for.
& here we are:
I have it all.
Science, literature,
mild notoriety,
conferences, panels, papers,
groundbreaking research,
a job I like,
broad interests, travel,
fulfilling hobbies...
& I never really thought about
how hard it is
to balance;
how neurotic
& stubborn
& tireless
you have to be
& how fast you reach
the limit
of tolerance –
the point at which
you cannot sanely survive
getting
what you asked for.

Urban Forest Jungle

except in Auckland
(which is
a different country
& doesn't count)

there is not
urban jungle here -
with tall thick-trunked
steel-&-glass trees;
undergrowth of
stop signs, stone canopies,
bus shelters, kiosks;
heavy cable vines.

They tell us we shall have
instead
a patchwork blanket
bits of forest (with real trees)
scattered across
the asphalt
urban desert

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Keep IKI for Inspector

BUSIT!

*** Not a Valid ***

*** Ticket ***

Driver 11723

Module 548320

Time 06:59

Date Mon, 14 Oct 19

SmartCard Updated

Card:145045

Value Added: \$10.00

Card Cash Is: \$11.40

*** Not a Valid ***

*** Travel Ticket ***

urban forest, urban jungle

except in Auckland
(which is
a different country
& doesn't count)
there is not
urban jungle here;
with tall thick-trunked
steel-&-glass trees;
undergrowth of
stop signs, store canopies,
bus shelters, kiosks;
heavy cable vines.
They tell us we shall have
instead
a patchwork blanket
bits of forest (with real trees)
scattered across
the asphalt
urban desert.

There are Mermaids on Enceladus

There is room
in this very serious
very grown-up field
where we are all
doing very important things
that make the world
infinitesimally better (we hope)
to make jokes about mermaids
in project titles -
to stop & pat the dogs
in between recording data
about them -

to cackle hysterically about
how your thesis research
is literal bullshit -

to make candy
in the lab -

to go on overdramatic
Expeditions

to recapture escaped bees.

In the relative privacy
of the laboratory
or the mixed-faculty kitchen
quite a lot of
these boring, scary, weird,
obsessive scientists
have something resembling
a sense of humor.

BUSIT!

Route 9B

Driver: 11723

Ticket: 8130

Fare: UNI SV \$1.70

From Stop: 25

To Stop: 24

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$9.70

Time: 06:59

14 Oct 19

** Transfer Expires **

07:59 AM

* Free transfer trip *
* within city boundary *
* boarded before expiry *
** NOT TRANSFERABLE **

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

there are mermaids on enceladus

There is room
in this very serious
very grown-up field
where we are all
doing very important things
that daily make the world
infinitesimally better (we hope);
to make jokes about mermaids
in project titles^a –
to stop & pat the dogs
in between recording data
about them^b –
to laugh hysterically about
how your thesis research
is literal bullshit^c –
to make candy
in the lab^d –
to go on overdramatic
Expeditions
to recapture escaped bees^e.
In the relative privacy
of the laboratory
or the mixed-faculty tearoom
quite a lot of
these boring, scary, weird, obsessive scientists
have something resembling
a sense of humor.

^a Project ARIELLE is about looking for life on oceanic moons of outer planets.

^b M.'s research is about canine scent-detection training.

^c F.'s research is about the effects of dung-beetle biomass and relative size on their efficiency in subsuming cow manure.

^d R.'s research is about the potential health benefits of some honey that tastes bad but makes passable toffee.

^e N. was looking at the trace element profiles of bees' brains.

Keretic/Disciple

There is a certain molecule
(that I only know about
because a friend
is really into all this)

& some people
write important papers saying
it behaves in a curve

& other people
equally clever & qualified
write equally important papers saying
it behaves in a straight line.

This is a crucial distinction
to all the people
who care about the molecule.

This distinction
is worth

millions of dollars
dozens of jobs so far
& hundreds of papers
around the world

saying in polite academic
'hey ferkwit you're wrong.'

To the people
who care about the molecule
it is jobs/lives/reputations
made & ruined.

To outsiders, the two factions
of the church of the molecule
are indistinguishable.

www.BUSIT.CO.NZ

Keep TKT for Inspector

BUSIT!

Route 52

Driver: 11763

Ticket: 3324

Fare: UNI SV \$1.70

From Stop:1

To Stop:2

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$8.00

Time: 19:10

14 Oct 19

** Transfer Expires **

8:10 PM

* Free transfer trip *
* within city boundary *
* boarded before expiry *
** NOT TRANSFERABLE **

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

heretic/disciple

There is a certain molecule
(that I only know about
because a friend
is really into all this)
& some people
write important papers saying
it behaves in a curve;
& other people,
equally clever & qualified,
write equally important papers saying
it behaves in a straight line.
This is a crucial distinction
to all the people
who care about the molecule.
This distinction
is worth
millions of dollars
dozens of jobs so far
& hundreds of papers
around the world
saying in polite Academic
'hey moron you're wrong'.
To the people
who care about the molecule,
it is jobs
lives
reputations
made & ruined.
To outsiders, the two factions
of the church of the molecule
are indistinguishable.

Keep TKI For Inspector

BUSIT!

2012

The world was
supposed to end.
All those ancient calendars
just stop
around Christmas
2012.

Is this a sign of loss of faith
or calm belief
the world would cease to be
at some time
lost in the grey mist
of that which is to come
& so

unimportant
except to remember
to stop writing the calendar?
Or is it faith in action
the pedestrian hope
that in the distant year
2012

there would still be
humans
civilization

chronologists
ready to continue?

Is it this same hope
that cuts off cellphone
calendars
at 2100?

Route 13

Driver: 11638

Ticket: 4265

Fare: UNI SV \$1.70

From Stop: 25

To Stop: 24

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$6.30

Time: 18:34

22 Oct 19

** Transfer Expires **

7:34 PM

* Free Transfer Left: *
* within city boundary *
* boarded before expiry *
** NOT TRANSFERABLE **

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

www.busticket.co.uk

2012

The world was
supposed to end.
All those ancient calendars
just stop
around Christmas
2012.
Was this a sign of loss-of-faith?
a calm belief
the world would cease to be
at some time
lost in the grey mist
of that-which-is-to-come
& so
unimportant
except to remember
to stop writing the calendar?
Or is it faith in action
the pedestrian hope
that in the distant year
2012
there would still be
humans
civilization
chronologists
ready to continue?
Is it this same hope
that cuts off
cellphone calendars
at 2100?

After 2012
 The world was
 supposed to end.
 Perhaps it did.
 can you really say -
 can I -
 it has all been the same
 since then?
 Was 2012 not
 the year it all
 changed?
 For me, I
 went halfway around the world
 to a place
 where the people who knew
 they belonged there
 looked like me.
 I grew up there, I think
 because
 since then,
 everything has been
 the denouement
 of a murder-mystery:
 where little things long ago
 fall inevitably together
 without being touched
 to form a cohesive whole
 so the plot makes
 an alien kind of sense

www.BUSIT.CO.MZ

Keep It For Transfer

BUSIT!

written 25/10/19 AM

Route 2

Driver: 11572

Ticket: 374

Fare: UNI SV \$1.70

From Stop: 24

To Stop: 23

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$5.20

Time: 18:02

30 Aug 19

** Transfer Expires **

7:02 PM

* Free Transfer trip *
 * within city boundary *
 * boarded before expiry *
 ** NOT TRANSFERABLE **

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

after 2012

The world was
supposed to end.
Perhaps it did.
Can you really say –
can I –
it has all been the same
since then?
Was 2012 not
the year it all
changed?
For me, I
went halfway around the world
to a place
where the people
who knew they belonged there
looked like me.
I grew up there, I think,
because
since then,
everything has been
the denouement
of a murder-mystery:
where little things long ago
fall inevitably together,
without being touched,
to form a cohesive whole
so the plot makes
an alien kind of sense.

From The Center To The Edges

I remember
an immersive painting
I saw in San Jose.
It walked on air
on a crisp cold pastel morning
& pulled the gallery with it
into the pale dawn ghost
of anonymous mountains
unlike & like
mountains any living eye
has ever seen.

I remember
standing in the air
just off the fourth floor
of the library
on a crisp cold pastel morning
with the pale dawn ghost
of the world
pulling me with it into
mountains no living eye
has ever seen.

I remember
the crisp pale taste of nitro.

I remember
that as long as
the pull of the edges
is there as a refuge
I can stay in the center.

www.DUSTIL.CO.NZ

Keep It For The People

BUSIT!

Route 9

Driver: 11504

Ticket: 3326

Fare: UNI SV \$1.70

From Stop: 30

To Stop: 29

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$6.50

Time: 07:42

24 Sep 19

** Transfer Expires **

08:42 AM

* Free Transfer Help
* within city boundary
* boarded before expiry
** NOT TRANSFERABLE

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

from the center to the edges

I remember
an immersive painting
I saw in San Jose.
It walked on air
on a crisp cold pastel morning
& pulled the gallery with it
into the pale dawn ghost
of anonymous mountains
unlike & like
any mountains any living eye
has ever seen.
I remember
standing in the air
just off the fourth-floor balcony
of the library
on a crisp cold pastel morning
with the pale dawn ghost
of the world
pulling me with it into
mountains no living eye
has ever seen.
I remember
the crisp pale taste of nitrogen.
I remember
that as long as
the pull of the edges
is there as a refuge
I can stay in the center.^a

^a Title refers to Kathryn Metz's work of the same name, which was shown at the Triton Museum of Art in Santa Clara between May 11 & August 18, 2019

Loser

'I can't do it', I say
as I go about doing it.
'This will never work', I say
as it does.

'I'm sure I failed', I say
moments before opening
a straight-A transcript.

I know it annoys you.
I know that passing is
technically enough &
why can't I just be
satisfied with that?

But yet again
we are not seeing
the same world.

I watch as everyone else
seems to muddle by
well enough

unfailingly okay
at everything they try to do
while I work so hard
just to break down

my own perfectionism enough
to open the Word document
start typing.

Because when 'good enough' is not
mediocrity is not better than
nothing

www.BUSIT.CO.NZ

Keep TKI for Inspection

BUSIT!

Route 9B

Driver: 11723

Ticket: 7968

Fare: UNI SV \$1.70

From Stop: 25

To Stop: 24

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$4.60

Time: 06:58

30 Oct 19

** Transfer Expires **

07:58 AM

* Free transfer trip *
* within city boundary *
* boarded before expiry *
** NOT TRANSFERABLE **

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

loser

"I can't do it", I say
as I go about doing it.
"This will never work," I say
as it does.
"I'm sure I failed," I say
moments before opening
a straight-A transcript.
I know it annoys you.
I know that passing is
technically enough &
why can't I just be
satisfied with that?
But yet again
we are not seeing
the same world.
I watch as everyone else
seems to muddle by
well enough
unfailingly okay
at everything they try to do
while I work so hard
just to break down
my own perfectionism enough
to open the Word document
& start typing.
Because when 'good enough'
is not good enough
mediocrity
is not
better than nothing.



FLIGHT: NZ5627
FROM: HLZ TO: CHC
DATE: 30OCT
ESTIMATED
BOARDING: 13:20PM
SEAT: 09B
K001

Astronaut

They say never
to meet your heroes.

They say
you will be disappointed
when you learn they are
only human.

I say always
meet your heroes.

Write to the cool people.

Tell the amazing scientist
you're a big fan.

At the absolute worst,
in the humanity of your idol
you will see
the wonderful things
mere humans can do.

astronaut

They say never
to meet your heroes.
They say
you will be disappointed
when you learn they are
only human.
I say always
meet your heroes.
Write to the cool people.
Tell the amazing scientist
you're a big fan.
At the absolute worst,
in the humanity of your idol
you will see
the wonderful things
mere humans can do.

Terms & Conditions

I love

the You I know
in the time I know you.

I don't know if I would
love you differently [different person]
if you were a fundamentally
or if I had met you
at a very different time.

Suppose though
(hypothetically)

I knew everyone you
have ever been
will ever be

including the people you keep
in the secret corners of the mind.
If one could bring oneself
to love someone

one knew completely
(rather than the usual method
loving what one knows
& believing the best
about the rest
to the bitter end)
would that love be perfect
or merely
unconditional?

BUSIT!

Route 9B

Driver: 11693

Ticket: 16621

Fare: UNI SV \$1.70

From Stop: 25

To Stop: 23

Card: 145045

Credit left: \$2.90

Time: 07:00

28 Nov 19

** Transfer Expires **

08:00 AM

* Free transfer trip *
* within city boundary *
* boarded before expiry *
* NOT TRANSFERABLE *

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

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terms & conditions

I love
the You I know
in the time I know you.
I don't know if I would
love you differently
if you were a fundamentally different person,
or if I had met you
at a very different time.
Suppose though
(hypothetically)
I knew everyone you
have ever been
will ever be,
including the people you keep
in the secret corners of the mind.
If one could bring oneself
to love someone
one knew completely
(rather than the usual method:
loving what one knows
& believing the best
about the rest
to the bitter end)
would that love be perfect
or merely
unconditional?

Engineering Memory

I forgot about
the engineers
in writing about how I ~~ended~~
ended up being this person
doing these things
in the same way you forget about
the warp threads
in writing about
the symbolism on a tapestry.
I forgot about
the engineers
in the same way you forget
~~forget~~ learning to speak your ^{language} native
I forgot
that accounting for the width of
the tape-measure clip
checking that squares are square
fixing wiring yourself
designing structures in your head
are not part of
the default human software package
most of all, though,
I forgot about
the engineers
because in a long line
of second sons of second sons
who are all engineers
I did not recognize
the template of me.

BUSIT!

Route 52

Driver: 11763

Ticket: 12068

Fare: UNI SV \$1.70

From Stop: 29

To Stop: 30

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$1.20

Time: 19:10

28 Nov 19

** Transfer Expires **

8:10 PM

* Free Transfer (Trip)
* Within City Boundary
* Boarded before 06:00
* NOT TRANSFERABLE
WARNING: CARD VALID FOR

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

www.busit.com

engineering memory

I forgot about
the engineers
in writing about how I ended up
being this person,
doing these things,
the same way you forget about
the warp threads
in writing about
the symbolism on a tapestry.
I forgot about
the engineers
the same way you forget
learning to speak your native language.
I forgot
that accounting for the width of
the tape-measure clip,
checking that squares are square,
fixing wiring yourself,
designing structures in your head,
are not part of
the default human software pack.
Most of all, though,
I forgot about
the engineers
because in a long line
of second sons of second sons
who are all engineers
I did not recognize
the template of me.

[miTimend → Time Mind] & v.v.

it is that part of the year
when the clock talks on
but nobody is listening;
when we all float by on
the sickly sweet red & green flood
of CHRISTMAS
corpses bloated with
the guilt of knowing this is all
supposed to be great fun
weighed down with
the stress of the year &
the extra work of taking a break;
when the days all have names
that are not their real names
& you go to church on a Tuesday;
when breakfasttime is noon.
& this year
the poor small hours of the night
no longer exist
just when nothing else does either
& we need them;
the restless dog [clock
who demanded attention to the
& walks under the stars
& in the pearly chill of summer days
is resting now.
The nights are quiet
The days are lost.
There is no time & I am going
out of my mind.

www.BUSIT.CO.NZ

Keep TKI for Inspector

BUSIT!

written Dec. 24-29

Route 17

Driver: 11749

Ticket: 12812

Fare: UNI SV \$1.70

From Stop: 19

To Stop: 18

Card: 145045

Credit Left: \$9.90

Time: 16:57

13 Sep 19

** Transfer Expires **

5:57 PM

* Free transfer trip *
* within city boundary *
* boarded before expiry *
** NOT TRANSFERABLE **

0800 4 BUSLINE

0800 4 2875463

time out of mind, and vice versa

It is that part of the year
when the clock talks on
but nobody is listening;
when we all float by on
the sickly-sweet red-and-green flood
of CHRISTMAS,
corpses bloated with
the guilt of knowing this is all
supposed to be great fun,
weighed down with
the stress of the year &
the extra work of taking a break;
when the days all have names
that are not their real names,
& you go to church on a Tuesday;
when breakfasttime is noon.
& this year
the poor small hours of the night
no longer exist,
just when nothing else does either
& we needed them:
the restless dog
who demanded attention to the clock
& walks under the stars
& in the pearly chill of summer dawns
is resting now.
The nights are quiet.
The days are lost.
There is no time &
I am going
out of my mind.